

The '9-to-5' Neo-Corporate Woman. ©Xen.

After spending nearly 44 years of life working as a wage-slave for corporate America, Political Correctness infected the last company in Toto, which prompted early retirement. Actually, I was 'retired' due to age discrimination and AI-Technology machines assuming the job, which goes with PC. Nothing personal, just business: dollars, dollars and more dollars. Corporate evolution made we old people extinct like the ancient dinosaurs. It considers people expendable like a roll of toilet paper: pull, wipe, flush, repeat until empty then remove and replace. Except with AI, replacing people objection is moot. Companies hire Armies of lawyers to devise ways around useless laws against discrimination in workplaces. Fighting is pointless. One very effective CYA – cover your assets – corporations use against wrongful discharge suits when firing people is bullying and harassment. Toxic effects range from employees quitting up to and including suicide. Uncle and Aunt Tom upper management, all too eager for a sniff of the Mahogany Hill executive toilets, sell their souls for a chance at the promise; after that everything else is expendable especially a targeted employee. I worked for an Aunt Tim director named Janine. The company groomed her as a young, promising token and useful-idiot. Janine was very powerful within corporate structure and authoritarian to a fault. The business used her to target and remove undesirable employees. Cold, cunning, she was very good at her job. Her male charges and I got along with Janine, mostly. We ranked in a pecking order. Those who were regular conjugal conquests of her bedchambers ranked highest. She was *not* my type and I was too small a peon to fuss about, anyhow. I just quietly remained in my place, did the job and stayed out of her way. However, women underlings were enemies; she terrorized their lives until like a sniper, one by one got rid of them. A particular target whom I recall fondly was a coworker named Marva. She worked on the far side of our office floor in proximity to Janine's office door. Every morning before entering the building, an hour before work, in pure dread of facing Janine's wrath all day, she bawled in her car. My parking spot was in proximity to hers. Subsequently in passing by it, I would see her teary and red faced. Unless running late, Janine was a monster about tardiness; I would slide into the passenger side seat of her car. Then, holding her hand quietly sit until she calmed down. We would talk a little; then after drying her eyes and powdering a red, swollen face we walked in together. Marva was a good woman; she had a very sick child and needed the job's medical benefits. The child's illnesses consumed most of what she and husband earned and Janine knew it. Evidently, Marva was a burden on company health benefit costs. Therefore, accountants reassigned Marva to Janine for disposal. That is US corporate Amerika. Over many months of such torture, she nearly succeeded in breaking Marva out the door until fate intervened. Janine got sick with brain disease. Cancer sent *her* out on medical leave and management assigned an interim director in her place. With Janine's absence, office morale improved remarkably. Working late one evening, I overheard two women coworkers in the next cubicle discussing her. Everyone else had gone for the day except those two and me; I was finishing a job. The women thought they were alone. I did not eavesdrop but at less than two feet distance separated only by a paper-thin cubicle wall, I could not help but overhear their boisterous banter. Moreover, *they were raucously happy at Janine's misfortune.* One said, "I hope the bitch dies..." The other said, "I will dance on her grave when she does..." I had a fly on the ceiling perspective into female psyche aka bitch-shit. Voof! Catty, she beast cruelty is fierce, methinks. Many months later Janine's death squelched circulating office rumors of her looming return. She suffered horribly; it took months of dying to kill the woman. Most employees were indifferent to the news. However, some did not hide their elation that she was gone, and I do not recall a funeral flower fund envelope passing around for donations. The woman who vowed to dance on her grave, well after the funeral – did so; she not only claimed to have danced but also "cussed, spit and pissed on it" with a jar of urine she reserved just for the occasion. A coworker asked, 'what if someone had of caught you?' She replied, "I was only watering the grass..." Less than six months after Janine left, few recalled her: 'Janine who?' Those who remembered cussed her soul... Seems a sad epitaph to leave this world, don't you think? Interim director over the area became permanent. I never asked Marva how she felt; did not need to; she never cried in the parking lot before work anymore. After that, she often beat me into the office every morning, and was again Marva's chirpy-self considering all her personal troubles. She even began working Saturday overtime. Her husband was home caring for their child and the extra income greatly helped them. The company did not bother her or the other women in our group anymore. Trouble is, I have observed far too many tyrants like Janine from an endless supply of them pining for a place on 'Mahogany Hill.' I read a book written by a major US bank executive who suffered a similar fate. For two years, she hid her illness against company discovery. She described all the creative ways of concealing cancer, treatments, absences and other 'defects' from corporate notice; especially backstabbing peers who were a major threat to taking her position. Companies fire 'defective executives' using cover stories such as s/he retired to spend more time with family and

other lies. Two years of hide-and-seek plus the strain of disease forced her into early retirement, anyway. She died shortly after writing and publishing her short and tightly packed book that cautioned all women against selling their souls to Devil corporations. Having it all is not worth the price. She was so right in her final horrible warning to the world: learn from my mistakes, please. C. G. Jung wrote: "...People will do anything no matter how absurd to avoid facing their [self as a]Soul..." In a realm of hungry ghosts where souls chase their tails of dust and clay; and, where in the end it all comes down the same for everyone, ***I never understood what people are thinking when screwing over everyone else for percentages of the take, action, or loot. Surely, you realize – it is never enough! One forfeits everything making the final trip out of here in lying in a decorated box, covered with flowers, riding in the back of a black limousine, to spend eternity in a graveyard ENCHAINED by all that baggage. If life is that, what is the point!***